

## THE HOME CIRCLE

### A Leap Year Lyric.\*

If, hiding now my face from thee,  
I should reveal my heart,  
And thou therein couldst only see  
How dear to me thou art,  
Thou wouldst not wantonly disdain  
A sanctuary where  
Thine image must enthroned remain  
The sovereign idol there!  
Then howsoever high thy state,  
Mine howsoever low,  
I would not murmur at my fate,  
Nor weary of its woe,  
For I would know thy heart had seen  
No heart so leal as mine,  
And wert thou worshipped of a queen,  
Less royalty were thine!

I would not quench this passion fraught  
With tenderness so sweet,  
Though I may only lay in thought  
Its treasures at thy feet;  
For if, concealing from thy sight  
The altar and its flame,  
I pass again into the night,  
As lonely as I came—  
Unseen thy sorrows still to weep,  
Unknown thy joy to share,  
One hope would yet survive to keep  
My spirit from despair:  
Mayhap a fairer day will dawn,  
And I may live to see  
Thy heart from lighter loves withdrawn—  
Then thou wilt come to me!

—Theo. H. Hill.

### "Money's Too Tight."

Deacon Pepperton was nervous, his wife was "flustered," and all because a city cousin had come to spend a day or two with them—an event so unusual that the worthy couple felt weighted with the gravity of the situation.

"What'll I have for dinner?" queried Mrs. Pepperton, anxiously, when she got a chance to speak to her husband privately. "I can't seem to think o' nothing, I'm so upset."

The Deacon, in an endeavor to hide his own nervousness, looked very wise. "H'm! Why—er—Dinner? You said dinner, did you?" His wife nodded frantically. Whereat the Deacon puckered his brow into ponderous ridges, and desperately suggested "fried salt pork."

"No, no; that won't do," she protested. "We must have something nicer than that for Cousin Thomas. My! I wish we had a couple o' young chickens—ours are all tough old critters that ain't fit to put on the table."

A happy thought struck the Deacon. The ridges on his brow relaxed and a smile of relief lit up his face. "I'll go over to Hank Peters and buy a couple!" he exclaimed, grandly.

His wife, astonished at such unheard-of prodigality, sank into a chair and gasped faintly.

"Yes, sir-ee, I will!" he repeated stoutly. "This here occasion is something special. Hang the expense!" Grabbing his hat he went out of the back door toward Hank's house.

"I want a couple o' them 'broilers' you raised in that there new-fangled machine o' yours," said he to Mr. Peters. And in a few minutes a silver dollar from the Deacon's pocket exchanged itself into two nice "broilers."

"Come pretty high, don't they?" hinted the Deacon, with a wry face. "You must have made a mint o' money off o' your machine this year!"

"Oh, I've done middlin' well," laughed Hank. "Raised three hundred or thereabouts. An' they're 'most all sold now."

"Three hundred! An' did you get half a dollar apiece for all o' 'em?"

"Yes; half a dollar, or more."

The Deacon gasped, and thought dolefully of his own hen yard at home. In it were twenty old hens that wouldn't sit when they ought to, and would sit when they ought not to. He remem-

bered, too, that he had once laughed at Hank because of "his foolishness in tryin' new-fangled hatchin' ways."

The dinner at the Pepperton's that day was a grand success. Cousin Thomas praised the fried chicken, and raved about the "luxury of having such toothsome dainties growing on one's own farm." "That's where you farmers have the advantage of us city fellows," he added, genially. "Now, if we want a tender young fowl we must go down in our pockets for the price—and even then we often find it difficult to get exactly what we want."

"Have another piece," stammered the Deacon, avoiding his wife's eyes.

"But," replied Cousin Thomas, as he passed his plate, "there are some things about farm life that we do better in town. Take the average farmyard, for instance. The grass isn't cut, there are no walks worthy of the name; the porch is a dismal failure; the trees are too few or too many; the vines and shrubs are missing entirely, or else they are uncared for or in the wrong places; flower beds (if there are any) look sick, and altogether there's a lack of that dainty, cozy, artistic yard-effect which is so commonly seen in town yards. I don't mean your yard, of course, for you have things slicked up into decent shape. I mean the average yard all over the country. I travel a good deal, and I know that a really artistic farmyard is a rarity."

The Deacon coughed, and Mrs. Pepperton unconsciously looked out of the window toward Hank Peters house.

"I can show you one yard near here, Cousin Thomas, that's as pretty as anything you ever see anywhere."

"That so?" The tone was politely skeptical. "I'd like very much to see it, Deacon."

After dinner he did see it, while Mr. Peters bashfully "stood around," first on one leg and then on the other, in modest confusion.

"Taint nothing to brag on," said Hank when the city man lavished words of praise on the gravelled walks, the neatly kept shrubs and vines, the velvety lawn and the well placed trees. "I've just fussed away with it at odd times, that's all. 'Taint cost me nothing worth mentionin'. Anybody could have done it if they'd really tried."

"That beats me!" ejaculated Cousin Thomas, when a little later he sat sunning himself on the Deacon's porch. "I wouldn't have believed that a simple little country cottage and yard could be made so beautiful. Where did this farmer get his taste and his ideas?"

"I dunno," replied the Deacon, helplessly. "Hank always was the durndest feller you ever see for doin' things."

"But he must get ideas somewhere," persisted the questioner. "Isn't he a great reader?"

"Y-e-s, I s'pose that's what you'd call it. Leastways he spends more money on books, magazines an' papers than he ought to. I ain't got no money to waste on such truck myself. Money's too tight."

"Is it?" said Cousin Thomas, quietly.

There was a subtle something in the visitor's voice that somehow made Deacon Pepperton feel uncomfortable. He looked quickly at the city man's face. It was as placidly genial as ever. So dismissing his suspicions the good Deacon changed the subject, and launched forth into a talk about the "hardships and disadvantages of a farmer's life."

a farmer's life."—Walter E. Andrews, in *Farm and Fireside*.

### Rockefeller's Hygiene.

Mention was made the other day of the fact that Millionaire John D. Rockefeller was at Pinehurst. He has left there and gone to Florida. He is a great lover of the open air, a golf player and all that, and now he is giving directions about the proper way to care for the health. His prescrip-

tion is a very simple one, consisting of being outdoors all the time except when one is eating or asleep; then as to eating, not to eat too much, and to eat slowly, very slowly; thirdly, to be sure to eat some cheese at every meal. He regards cheese as being a great promoter of digestion, and one of the best of foods. Of course, lots of people will want to know Mr. Rockefeller's views on this matter, and hence they are given.—Colonel Olds.

### Hope for Her Recovery.

Two young women met in a down-town store in New York recently. After they had declared how glad they were that they had met, according to the New York Times, this conversation ensued:

"Oh, Mollie is down with—"

"You don't say so!"

"She was taken with—"

"The poor girl!"

"As I was going to say, Mollie is—"

"And she always was delicate."

"Yes; but as I was going to say—"

"Give her my love and tell her I hope she will soon be out."

"Pardon me, but I was going to say—"

"Who is her doctor?"

"Pardon me again; I started to say that Mollie is down with her aunt in Hackensack. She was taken with a desire to get into the country, and went yesterday."

### FLOWERS IN WASTE PLACES.

#### Unattractive Spots Made Beautiful by Casting a Few Seeds.

You can grow flowers anywhere, if you only know the proper kind for each location, says *Country Life in America*. There is no portion of the earth's surface that cannot be covered by some kind of plant growth, nor a situation so desperate that it could not be redeemed with the life and cheer and color that flowers give. You have only to select the right variety of seed and you will find that there is no clay too tough, no sand too hot and dry, no rocks too devoid of soil, no winter too severe. If you have a swamp and are afraid of it, you can transform it into a water-lily pond or a bog garden. If you own a bit of woods you can fill it with wild-flowers. In the heart of the biggest city a ten-inch hole can be made in the pavement, as they do in Boston, to cover the wall of the house with vines. The slums have their window-boxes, and houseleeks grow upon the shingles of a roof. Even the dump-heap that you pass daily need not be an eyesore. Put a package of sunflower, poppy or morning-glory seed in your pocket, and scatter the seed over the offending spot. And of all the people who enjoy the transformation, you will enjoy it most.

### The Millinery for Spring.

While the spring styles are still somewhat uncertain there are some permanent features, and attractive models in lace and tulle are shown for dressy wear, and for the first spring days or for those who live in a Southern clime there are smart walking or street hats of straw braids. These straw models are almost severe in their simplicity and are shown in a variety of shapes. The turban, in rather small, close-fitting form, is especially approved, while the tricorne or Continental, also in small effect, is another fashionable shape. The tricorne is quite as fashionable in the dress hat as it is for ordinary street wear, and it lends itself effectively to a combination of materials.

There is a touch of gold in nearly all of the newest models. Gold lace, braid, tassels and cordes all enter into the fashioning of stylish headgear, and even hat pins assume the form of military buttons. The black picture hat trimmed with a white lyre feather is one of the essential items of a fashionable wardrobe, and while it was worn during the winter in black velvet or silk plush, it has come forth again in tulle and lace. Fruit trimmings are in high vogue, and flower toques and turbans are especially attractive at this season. The new toques are much smaller than those that were worn during the past season. They are quite oval in shape, forming almost a point in front.—From the *Delineator* for March.

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